(14.)

A

Funeral Oration

TO THE

SACRED MEMORY

OF THE

Most Serene and Potent

MARY II.

QUEEN of *Great Britain, France* and *Ireland.*

By *Francis Spanheimius*, F. F. Chief Professor of the Academy of *Leyden.*

Pronounc'd by *Publick Authority* in the Hall of the Most Illustrious States.
Upon the Day of the *Royal Obsequies*, *March* 5. 169⅘.

Containing many *Remarkable Passages* in the Life and Death of Her Late Majesty, not hitherto made Publick.

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A Funeral Oration UPON MARY II. QUEEN of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*.

WHether I ſhould expreſs my ſelf in Inarticulate Lamentations, intermix'd with *Tears* and *Sobs*, among ſo Great and ſo many Provocations to Grief, that am to be a Spectacle of Mourning to yee all (*moſt Sorrowful Aſſembly of all Degrees and Orders*) or whether I ſhould let looſe my Tongue, Speechleſs almoſt, and motionleſs, through the bitterneſs of my Anguiſh, into articulate Words, tho interrupted with frequent Throbs, aſtoniſht and forſaken by my Senſes, I was long time conſidering. No man can believe that a *Flood of Eloquence* ſhould flow from his Mouth whoſe Eyes are blubber'd, Cheeks are overflow'd with:

with Torrents of Water continually ſtreaming, while we bewail the *Funeral of this Day*. Theſe Walls deformed with gaſtly and unuſual Accoutrements; this very *Pulpit reſembling a Scaffold prepar'd for ſome ſad Execution, the alteration of our Senators Weeds, every Order in Sable, and the Muſes in Black, the Enſigns of Magiſtracy revers'd, our Citizens with dejected Looks*, every where a profound Silence, every where dropping Eyes and delug'd Cheeks more livelily and forcibly expreſs, even without an Interpreter, the Grief unſpeakable, beyond what Imagination can Comprehend, and ſo ponderous upon the Hearts of all Men, then it is in the Power of Human Utterance to do, tho every particular Member of the Body were turn'd into Tongues, and reſounded forth *ſeveral Mones* and Lamentations. Muſt I be the Perſon, I who firſt in this ſame School, in a Publick Speech congratulated not ſo much the *Royal Enſigns* of Kingdoms offer'd to *William and Mary*, ty'd together in an Aſſociation rarely known (Oh that it had been Eternal) Two the Choiceſt Boons of Heaven beſtow'd on the Britannick World, and the two *Tutelar Numens* upon Earth of the Univerſal Church: Muſt *I be the firſt*, bound by the Sacred Tye of Duty to thoſe who in their *own Right have Authority to Command*, after they had once ordain'd this ſolemn Day, wherein *No Body counterfeits Grief*, that am oblig'd to perform the Office of a Herald of Death, to Proclaim the Death of *Britannic Mary*. It was unanimouſly agreed then, Conſcript Fathers, the *Beſt of Queens is gone*; in which one word all things are comprehended: Not in the ſenſe of the *Lacedemonians*, who at the Funerals of their Kings, always call'd the *Laſt the Beſt*: Nor as *Nero* ſtil'd his *Poppæa*, the *Genius of the City*, which was the Sirname of the Beſt Emperors; but She is gone, who, by the General Voice of all People, ſo deſerv'd the Appellation of *BEST*, that while it remains the allow'd Glory of Kings and Queens in this World, can never be aſcrib'd to any other by the ſame Univerſal

verſal Conſent of Mankind. The moſt Splendid, and moſt Benign Conſtellation (if ever any other enlightn'd and ſhed down its Influences upon Earth) of *Britain* is ſet; the Conſtellation of the United *Belgian States* is ſet, but in an Eternal and Gloomy Night, only now to refreſh both Nations with the ſole ſhadow of her Name. *MARY is ſet*, like that Star which cauſes the viciſſitudes of Day and Night, returning from whence firſt of all She roſe. And in this Common, tho far different loſs of all men, *WILLIAM* bewails more than the one Half of his Soul: *The Court*, as it were grown decrepit with Age, bewails their Delight: The *Kingdoms* bewail an Empreſs hardly ſhewn to 'em, yet Greater than the Narrow Limits of Kingdoms or an Age could contain: The *Subjects* bewail their moſt Indulgent Mother, more truly then formerly *Livia* or *Julia* the Pious, the Mother of their Country, the *Senate* and the Armies: *Holland* bewails her Foſter-Child, as it were raviſh'd and torn from her tender Boſom, wherein ſhe had continually cheriſh'd Her, even divided from the whole World beſide. The *Female Sex* now miſſes Her that was their Luſtre, their Excellency, their Glory: The *Univerſal Church*, her moſt loving Protectrix: They that were ſtript of all their Fortunes, their Liberal Reliever: The *Miſerable*, the Aſſwager of their Calamities: The *Oppreſs'd*, their certain Conſolation; The *Baniſh'd*, their not to be violated Sanctuary: The *Sons of Peace*, their *Irene* truly ſo call'd: Laſtly, *All Ages*, *all Orders*, *all Nations*, who ever they are that in the higheſt Station of Human Affairs, reverence Vertue and Piety, miſs their *moſt Sacred, and moſt United Head.* And who among us is not deeply affected and pierced to the Heart, in beholding the Mournful ſight of one ſingle *WILLIAM*, that moſt invincible Hero, reſembling ſome One of thoſe moſt Valiant Captains, who being oppreſt by ſome *ſudden Aſtoniſhment*, ſtand Speechleſs for a while; at leaſt bewailing the Companion of his *Counſels and his Labours*, his Delights and Royal Functions ſnatch'd from

an unexpected Fate? Of that *WILLIAM*, who was never puft up with *Proſperity*, nor broken by Adverſity, who terrifi'd by no dangers, nor diſmaid at any Terrible Accident; as if his *Breaſt were environ'd with a Threefold Corſlet of Braſs*, or that he carry'd not an Iron but an Adamantine Heart; now wounded beyond the Aid of Cure, cannot refrain from Tears and Throbs; as not being wounded or pierced through by any Bullet of his Enemy, but by a Force ſurpaſſing Human, God Himſelf (which befel the moſt Holy Men) thus wreſtling with our Hero in a Dark and Bitter Night, till at length the Supream Creator of all things rent *away the Rib* that ſtuck to his Royal Side; not when he was aſleep, as in that Fabrick of *Eve*, but when he was awake and watching o're the Publick Safety. And this was a Pain, which the Firſt of Husbands, in Primitive Felicity was not able cope with. Yet does he not ſink under ſo much Grief; nor does the Greateſt of Hero's refuſe to ſubmit his Equal Courage to the Arbiter of Life and Death ſo cruelly afflicting his *Royal Bowels*. So neither would it become us, who ought, in imitation of ſo Great a King, to lift up our ſelves to him by whom all Human Affairs are govern'd with a Nod, this ſad and unfortunate Day, to ſolemnize the Royal Exequies with Female Lamentations or the hir'd Howlings of the Ancient *Præfica*, which the Law of the Twelve Tables forbid the Roman Matrons, or to fill the Market, Public Streets, the Temples and Tribunals with hideous Clamours. For neither *Breaſts* diſtended with vain Sighs, nor *Countenances* compoſed to ſadneſs, nor the warm ſtreams of Tears ſtill guſhing from our Eyes, will afford any alleviation to our afflicted Minds; theſe being many times vain Shews and Oſtentation of Sorrow, which the Bitterneſs and Solemnity of our Preſent Calamity abhors above what it is poſſible to imagine. *What then?* Shall we ſuppreſs and hide our Grief, until we turn into *Noibe's* and Stones; ſhall we make known our deeply conceiv'd Sorrow to our Fellow Citizens, to the People,

People, to ſucceeding Poſterity by no Demonſtrations of Piety, by no long laſting Monument? For *Rome*, the Miſtreſs of the World decreed to the Women in High Stations, after their deceaſes, no leſs then to the Soveaign Emperors, beſides Divine Honours, and the Vows of Sacrilegious Piety, Funeral Encomiums alſo, ſuch as were made with Solemn Pomp, and in publick Commemoration of their Vertue; upon *Auguſtus*'s *Livia*, *Nero*'s *Poppæa*, *Hadrian*'s *Sabina*, *Antoninus Pius*'s *Fauſtina*, and *Severus*'s *Julia Domna*. But for the moſt part theſe things were ſo carried by the controul of thoſe that Govern'd, or according to the prevailing Manners of a looſe Court and a diſſolute People, that the Diſhonours and Diſgraces of their Sex were Conſecrated to Immortality under the Names *Juno's*, *Venus's and Mothers of the Gods*. With the ſame Confidence and Luſt of Flattery, did the Princes that ſucceeded extol the *Father*'s *Praiſe*: The Tables tranſmit to Eternity the Clemency and Moderation of *Tiberius*, the Prudence of *Claudius*, the Patience of *Hadrian*, the Indulgence of *Caracalla*, the Noble Acts of *Commodus*, as if they had been born to eternize the Roman Name. *Oh! how different is the Reaſon of this Days moſt Religious Solemnity*, by which the whole World is made a Witneſs of *Batavian* Piety! How far different are theſe Parentals, truly Juſt, the ſign of Love and Judgment, which the *Fathers of this Republick and Academy* have by a Solemn Decree, and with redoubl'd Honour, decree'd to *MART* the *AUGUST*. Imitating the Piety of *Octavius Cæſar*, who aſcribed that Honour to his Siſter *Octavia*, a Renowned Woman, that the Emperor himſelf, in the *Julian* Temple, and *Druſus* in the Publick Place of Judicature, in Mourning Veſtments deliver'd themſelves in Praiſe of the Deceas'd. How far that Commendation of this Queen is from Idolatry, moſt *Noble Auditors*, or from whatever vain Ambition is uſually wont fallaciouſly to forge, I leave to you; the Commendation of a Queen, whoſe Divine Genius, Pure and Chaſt Vertue and

Immortal Glory, all People, Subjects and Confederates, Domesticks and Foraigners, they who reverence Vertue in an Enemy, with equal consent of Mind and Voice, admire and extol to the Skies. Nay, the *Fucus's* of Flatteries, and all crisp'd and curl'd Orations would as much dishonour Her Sacred *MANES*, as not only the Bitterness of our Sorrow forbids the practice of such Delusions, in commanding us to lay aside all *Gaiety of Ornament*, but She Herself, who when alive and breathing, but sparingly admitted moderate Praises; and not only expell'd from her Royal Presence all *Adulterated Beauties*, all Dissimulation and Sycophantizing Language, all Feigned Acclamations, the very *Pests of the Court* and Mothers of *Nero*, but was always wont to call 'em the *Affronts of Majesty*. For my part, *Fathers*, *Collegiates*, *Citizens* and *Strangers*, in this condition of my dejected Mind, I shall be so far from all *Assentation*, or suspicion of Immoderate Praise as my Oration is distant from necessity. And if I have take upon me this day the Task of paying a Last Duty to the *IMMORTAL WOMAN*, believe it done not out of any confidence of Performance, nor any profuse Ostentation of Piety, but meerly out of Shame to refuse; for the truth of which I appeal to those that sit at the *Helm of our Affairs*. But when I revolve in my mind, that formerly upon occasions of Important and Publick Mourning, *Kings themselves took this Office upon 'em*, *David* of Old, and since him, Persons of Consular Dignity, from *Valerius Publicola*, sometimes the *Cæsars* or Princes of the Roman Youth, when *Julius*, *Augustus*, *Tiberius*, *Drusus*, *Caligula*, *Nero* ascended the Tribunal, to Commemorate dishonour'd Vertue with that Majesty of Countenance that became it. When I am in the midst of silent Contemplation to renew Reflexions upon this August Queen, of *whom nothing Low*, *nothing Mortal ought to be said*; *Octavianus Cæsar* himself refusing the Panegyricks of any but the Sublimest of Wits: *Lastly*, When I behold All you that with Anxious

and

and Wiſtful Looks ſurround this Pulpit, nothing from without preſents it ſelf to my Eyes, nothing to my Mind and Affections, but what is ſufficient to caſt down a *Perſon worn with years*, and almoſt ſpent with Labour, but moſt certainly languiſhing with the Publick Sorrow, and to deter him from ſpeaking. Therefore in ſo much plenty of Matter, I ſhall ſhorten this *Funeral Encomium* of mine, from which the ſtrictneſs of going according to the Laws of Panegyric is not to be exacted; ſuch a one as the Father of Grecian Eloquence was longer Elaborating then the Macedonian Victor was ſubduing almoſt all the World: And in kindneſs to your Patience and my own Infirmities, I ſhall leave it to *Maſters of Art*, Men of Florid Age and Elocution, to expatiate upon what I have contracted, beſeeching your Pardon at the beginning, if my Abilities prove not equal to the Majeſty of a moſt Auguſt Princeſs, or the Bitterneſs of my Anguiſh.

How Bright ſoever be that Star, which ſometimes ſharpen'd into Horns, ſometimes with a *Half Face*, at length with a full Orb, in ſome meaſure, ſupplies and mitigates the Abſence of the Sun, it ſhines not however with its own Light, but borrows all its ſplendor from the Aſpect and ſituation of the Sun. In like manner the World has frequently beheld *Illuſtrious and far ſhining Women*, but that I may ſpeak in the Words of one *Septimius*, they have more truly glitter'd with the Decorations of their Husbands then their own: Much of Light and Splendor ſince Her Conjunction with the Preſent Sun of the European World has been added to our Heroeſs, from the Reflexions of his Beams; However She *ſhone with Her own*, and Her own moſt Radiant Light, and made it doubtful, which way She from Her ſelf diffus'd the ſereneſt Light, whether by her Royal Deſcent, or by weilding the Royal Scepter, Her ſelf in her own Right *Aſſociate* of the Empire, or laſtly by Her Royal Vertues and Graces, conſpicuous through all the Regions of the Earth.

Where the Sun hides, and where he brings forth Day.

And wherein She far ſurpaſſes the Lot of all Women: What Auguſt Queen did ever the leaſt Fabulous Annals, what Queen did former Intervals of Ages, meaſur'd by the Line of our Anceſtors, or the Times wherein we live, e're ſhew to the World, who from an interrupted ſeries of ſucceſſion of Kings, like Hers, deriv'd her Birth; and of whom with more Juſtice, and without Aſſentation it be unanimouſly ſaid,

Miſſa per innumeros Sceptra tuetur Avos?

——*Scepters does She defend,*
That from unnumber'd Anceſtors deſcend?

We take no Notice of Kings deſcended from the Immortall Gods; the Father of the Romulean Race from *Mars*, the Macedonian *Amyntas* or *Philip* from *Hercules*, the Horn-bearing *Alexander* from *Jupiter*, the Julian Pedegree from *Æneas* and *Venus*, into which the Wife of *Auguſtus*, by the Name of the Goddeſs *Julia* is to be inſerted. How much more true and ſacred, without offence to theſe Deities, was the Original of this *PRINCESS*, who underſtood Her ſelf to be not only the *Progenie of the* Stuarts, *from* Robert *the Second*, Sirnamed the *Happy*, and three Ages lower, but from a more Ancient Original of the *Royal Race in Scotland*, not to deſcend into the dubious Succeſſion of *Hector Boetius*: Then from the *Anglo-Saxons*, by the Marriage of *Margaret* to *Malcolm* the Second. From the *Norman*, by the Marriage of the Daughter of *Henry* VII, and *Elizabeth*, the Wife of *James* IV. From the *Danes*, by *Ann* Her Great Grandmother. Laſtly from the *Blood of France*, by Her Grandmother, *Mary* of *Bourbon*, the no leſs Unfortunate Mother

of

of the unfortunate *James*. So that to what ever corner of the Heaven our Heroeſs turn'd Her Eyes, ſhe certainly ſaw her Anceſtors Cloath with Royal Dignity.

But tho ſhe were deſcended from ſuch a *Progeny of Kings* (and would to God ſhe had been the *Mother of Kings*) Since Women born, there never was any like her, who as it were forgetful of her Extraction, of her Anceſtors, and the Power derived from Antiquity, which many believe to be ſufficient to authorize their Tranſgreſſion, who carried her ſelf more humbly to all Fortunes, Degrees and Conditions of Men, even to the pooreſt ſort, negligent of her Station and that Towring Throne, from whence with her Great *WILLIAM* ſhe gave Laws to ſo many ſpacious Kingdoms, ſo many Seas, Iſlands and People. *MARY*, in that ſame High Degree of Dignity would not be thought unworthy of the Scepters of her Anceſtors, nor the Glory of her Progenitors, nor her own proper Lot to Command and Reign. She bore in mind, that *High and Low were in ſubjection to the ſame Law of ſaving and coming into the World*; tho the ſame Fortune and Splendor did not attend all alike, yet all were of the ſame Mould, they who are cloathed with Imperial Purple, and they who are forc'd to ſhroud themſelves under the meaneſt Cottages: Which was the ſaying of *Socrates*, that there was no difference between *Alcibiades, nobly deſcended, and the moſt Obſcure Porter*: She well knew, that Long deſcent and Ancient Lineage, were but vain ſhadows; that the Blood which is ſprightly and ruddy in Youth, grows languid and degenerates with Age; or rather that the Beams of the moſt Splendid Light diffuſe themſelves upon Common-ſewers: That is to ſay, upon *Julia's* and *Agrippina's*, upon *Caligula's* and *Nero's*, upon *Domitian's* and *Nero's*, born to be the Infamy of their Families; rather Excrements then Blood. Whence it came to paſs, that they rather choſe to be accounted the Heads and founders of their Race and Name, then that it ſhould

be:

be thought the Glory of their Anceſtors extinguiſhed in them.

I remember, *Noble Hearers*, the one day that this Pious and Penſive Princeſs recalling to Mind her *Father*, who had ſo lately rul'd moſt flouriſhing Kingdoms, but gone aſtray from that Faith which the Laws of God and Man had eſtabliſh'd ever ſince the Reign of *Edward* VI, the *Joſiah* of his Age, and which his Father and Grandfather had ſubſcrib'd to; I remember, I ſay, that being admitted into her *Private Chappel*, after ſhe had let fall a ſhowre of Tears, ſhe gave thanks to God, the Supream Parent of all things, *who ſometimes forſook the Sons and Grand-children of Hero's, ſometimes in them ſupply'd what was wanting in their Parents, correcting the Vice of Nature by the Benefit of Grace.* Which when I had confirmed by the Examples of her ſelf, and her Great Grandfather *James* the Son of Unfortunate *Mary*; and that it was done by the ſame Miracle of Grace, as we daily ſee Nature produce Gold and Diamonds out of ſtony and craggy Mountains, and Sweet Juices out of Bitter Roots, I added by way of Conſolation of her *Afflicted Piety*, that perhaps the *Father of ſo many Tears and Sighs* would not be loſt in Heaven. Whoſe chiefeſt Glory it was to have begot *MARY*; and from whom ſhe received her Being, while he on the other ſide receiv'd from his Daughter the benefit and aid of her Prayers, then which there is nothing of greater force to *expugn* the Clemency of Heaven; and a uſeful Pattern of Grace, which ſhe every day ſet before his Eyes. And indeed whatever there was of Great that rais'd our Heroeſs above all the Queens of all Former Ages, whatever the *Engliſh* almoſt ador'd in her, what the *Batavian* lov'd, the *German* honour'd, the *Switzer* reverenc'd, and the girning and reluctant *French* admir'd, Fame has alſo ſo loudly proclaim'd to the utmoſt Limits of the *Hyperborean*, *Eaſtern* and *Weſtern* World, that ſhe can never be ſaid to have celebrated the fame of any other Woman, as ſhe has ſounded

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forth in Praiſe of this Princeſs. And all this we muſt certainly conclude was ne're infus'd into her by any Human, but by a Divine, an Immortal Operation.

In the firſt place that moſt Sweet and Holy Name of *MARY*, conſecrated from the very Birth of Grace it ſelf, was a moſt Auſpicious Augury of the Future Salvation, Reſtoration and Security of *Britain*. And it was as fortunate in Ours as it was Ominous and Fatal in *Four Former MARYS of England, Scotland, France*, and laſtly of *Italy*, whoſe Fame, Religion trampl'd under foot, the Sacred Worſhip of God prophan'd, Laws violated, Halters, Slaughter-Houſes, Racks, Funeral Piles and Flaming Buſts, and lately the Church it ſelf upon the brink of Ruin, and groaning under moſt oppreſſive Servitude proclaim far and near. In like manner as the mournful Annals of the Church declare both the Subſtance and the Omen to have fail'd, under former Chriſtian Governments in the *Fauſta's, Eudoxia's, Honoria's, Euſebias, Theodora's, Irene's*; Specious indeed but empty Names of Chriſtian Queens in former Ages. And therefore *Britain* that had been ruin'd by *MARIES*, was at length to be preſerved by a *Mary*; and as it was of old, by many ways afflicted by two *William's* Firſt and Second, ſo it receiv'd New Life and Spirit from *WILLIAM* the THIRD. On the other ſide, by a contrary Example, in the Name of *James* the Second, as in the fatal Names of *Darius, Philip, Antiochus, Ariſtobulus, Auguſtus* and *Conſtantine*, we ſee the unfortunate Cataſtrophe of that which began under the ſame Names with joyful and lucky Auſpices.

But above all things, who among ye can forbear to admire the Conduct of the Supream Architect, who fram'd this *wonderful Structure* at the Beginning, without the Aid or Knowledge of the Sleeping Parent of Mankind, when this *Goodly Form*, this Pulchritude and Procerity of Female Body repreſents it ſelf before your Eyes, not Heroe like, but ra-

ther almoſt Divine; ſuch a Majeſtic Forehead, ſuch a Graceful Countenance, ſuch *Radiant Eyes*, ſuch an Harmony of Shape and Lineaments, accompany'd with Sweetneſs of Favour, and a Charming Aſpect in our *MARY*, ſurpaſſing all the Graces and *Venus's* of the *Greek*, tho enliven'd with *Apellæan* Colours. Deſerving indeed not only more then Mortal Empire, which the *Ethiopians* decreed to Majeſty of Form, but alſo of Eternity of Reign, if any ſuch thing might be granted upon Earth. Her Cœleſtial Courage, her Lofty Mind, Her Wit that penetrated the moſt hidden Receſſes, Her Judgment certain and unacquainted with Miſtake, Her inexhauſtible Thirſt of Reading, the incredible Treaſure of Her Memory, Her Heroick Genius, all theſe were depoſited in a Royal Domicil or rather Temple, rear'd by the ſame Architect as the Univerſe. There was eminently to be ſeen in her Words, in her Aſpect, in her Habit, in her Eyes, in the Poſture and Carriage of her Body, unaffected Sincerity, Fidelity, Candor, and whatever elſe could procure Love and Reverence. Beſides the Gracefulneſs of her Delivery, the Accompliſh'd underſtanding of three Languages, and her Knowledge of things Divine and Human, ſhe was adorn'd to perfection with harmleſs and Chaſt Manners, which no Impurities could defile, no envenom'd Breath, no Peſtiferous Gales, the Familiar Contagion of Courts, could ever infect. Her pure and ſpotleſs Mind might rather be broken, like Chryſtal Glaſſes crackt by the Infuſion of Poyſon, then endure what was not accompany'd with Vertue and Honeſty, or ſome publick or private benefit. So that whatever moſt uſually puffs up with Arrogance, or corrupts with Stomachful Pride, a Sex moſt covetous of Rule: What makes others ſwell and look down upon their Inferiors with Contempt, as Nobility of Extraction, Beauty, Wit and Wealth, like Boxes glittering without with Gold and Gems, but within incloſing Arſenick, ſuch as have more of Aloes then Honey, all theſe Blemiſhes of her Sex, ſhe was a Princeſs

who

who from her Infancy deteſted. So that ſhe whom the Supreme Parent of Nature had rendred every way perfect and fortunate, bewailing only this one thing, that ſhe was better then her Father; ſhe, when but a Child, was never obſerv'd to ſwell, or abate of her uſual Affability, Mildneſs, Eaſineſs to give admiſſion, or of the humble Opinion ſhe had always of her ſelf. And as much as there was in her Countenance of ingenuous and Royal Erubeſcency, ſo much was there in her Heart, of Baſhful Modeſty; by which means Majeſty was always ſeaſon'd with Benignity, Gravity with Cheerfulneſs, Clemency with Severity. And as many as were admitted to the Preſence and Ear of ſo Great a Princeſs, knew they were to undergo a perpetual combat with her Modeſty, ſo that they muſt be forc'd to ſubmit their diſcourſes to this ſame Modeſty, or elſe to be ſilent altogether.

Conſcript Fathers, I ſpeak thoſe things which are vulgarly known, chiefly aiming at this, that no man ſhould believe, ſo many and ſuch great Endowments of Mind were tranſmitted into *MART* with the Blood of the Father and Mother; which were the only Workmanſhip of God, who would only vouchſafe by this to ſhew how far he could accompliſh Nature, and this I boldly and confidently aver. For in the moſt Corrupt times of King *Charles* and King *James*'s Courts, when Popery adventured not only to creep in privately, but pulling off her Vizor, to ruſh in with open force; when Religion was a Cloak for Fraudulent Artifices; when Effeminate Arts, Diſſolute Clemency, Undecent Practices and Wanton Paſtimes were the Delights of the Court, and Flexible Youth was led away by the Princes as they pleaſed themſelves; it came to paſs, not without the Aſſiſtance of God himſelf, that all this while *MART* and *ANN*, under the tuition of Noble Matrons, and other Exquiſite and Pious Inſtructors, as formerly the two Siſters *Pulcheria* and *Arcadia* the Daughters of *Eudoxia*, by the Order of *Charles* II. were kept to a ſtrict Diſcipline. By whom the Minds of

the

the Royal Virgins, that were one day to be advanced to Sovereign Dignity, might be rightly form'd, and excited not so much to the Desires of a Pompous and Illustrious Fortune, as to the Study of true Piety, and a Religion purg'd from Superstition. Thus Nature has taught us, that *Parian* Marbles are to be cut smooth, Ivory plain'd, and Diamonds polish'd; that Gold is to be purish'd, Plants and Trees to be trim'd and lopt, and the choicest Seeds to be improv'd by Art, when no Industry can Correct or Polish the Pumice, the Tophus and Spung. These being then the first Initiations of both Princesses, the most prudent *Henry*, Bishop of *London*, being afterwards to improve the Inherent Promptitude of Nature, and the management of their Infancy, our *MARY* by degrees, having already made her choice, so accustom'd her self to reading and hearing at the Feet of Jesus, which she wash'd with the daily and most fragrant Perfumes of her Prayers, Oblations and Vows, that afterwards she valu'd all other things as little worth, look'd upon 'em as Empty Vanities, and an Imaginary Shadow of Glory, and ceas'd thenceforward to admire,

Aulæ Fumum & Opes, strepitumque:

The Smoak, the Riches and Noise

of the Court, and whatever Ambitious Minds hunt after, without the Pale of Heavenly Contemplation, like the Crow flying about the Empty World out of the Ark of *Noah*. I will report a known Truth. When first the News was brought of the Inauspicious, but certain Nuptials of *James* the Father, with *Mary* of *Modena*, by the Mediation of *LEWIS*, not only she, togewith *ANN* her Sister, with a Cast-down Countenance and Watry Eyes receiv'd the Tidings, attended with a deluge

luge of Tears, which Doctor *Thomas Doughty*, then Domeſtic Chaplain, could by no means put a ſtop to, but our *MARY* alſo after ſhe ſomewhat alleviated her Sorrow with Weeping, brake forth into theſe Expreſſions, worthy to be engrav'd in Cedar. *However things fall out*, ſaid ſhe, *I hope we ſhall preſerve immaculate to God our Faith and old Religion*, let all other things paſs away, *which we ſhall look upon as of little conſequence*. What certain preſages were theſe, Moſt Noble Hearers, that the *HEROESS*, whom we bewail, would one day be the moſt inexpugnable Tower and ſolid Bulwark of the more Holy Religion, and a moſt perfect Exemplar of thoſe Vertues, which would render her the Immortal Deſire both of us and our Poſterity.

But from theſe Exerciſes of her Youth, ſhe was called to Greater and Higher Things, and to lay the Foundations of Empire and Council, under the Conduct of *WILLIAM HENRY*: And what a Name was that! This was he to whom the Divine Wand, and that Mortal pointing out the way, mark'd out *MARY* of *Britain*, ſhe that was only to kindle his Flame; She that among all Women was the only Perſon fit for his Choice, to be the Glory and Ornament of his Conjugal Life, and ſuch a One as *Solomon* ſought, but could not find among thouſands. As He alone among all the Hero's and Princes, truly Chriſtian, was brightly Eminent and fit for *MARY'S* Wiſh to be the Conductor of her Youth and Life: As in whom there was a Concurrence of all Praiſes and Univerſal Glory: As in whom alone all thoſe Great Things met, divided of Old in the Perſons of the four *Ephori* that were to inſtruct the *Perſian* Princes, ſelected to the Government of the Empire; of which, the Firſt to infuſe Religion; the Second, to govern the Affections; the Third, to inſpire Fortitude of Mind; and the Fourth, to infuſe Love of Juſtice into thoſe that were to Reign. And

MARY ſo deeply imprinted in her Mind the Image of this Great Maſter, and her Mind being capable of Great Things, beyond her Sex, ſhe profited ſo well, by the Company of ſo Great a Prince, not only by his Inſtructions, but by his Example, that ſhe was taught to Reign before ſhe could know her ſelf. I will faithfully relate what I only heard my ſelf, and therefore can atteſt. While ſhe ſtaid at the *Hague*, after the Expedition for *England*, expecting a Wind, I was admitted to the Preſence of the Royal Princeſs, and found her turmoil'd with many Cares and deep Cogitations. At what time ſhe, who was never wanting in any meaſure of Familiarity, caſting a Propitious Look upon the *Interpreters of the Holy Bible*, deliver'd her ſelf in theſe Expreſſions to me.

What a Severe and Cruel Neceſſity, ſaid ſhe, *now lies upon me, either to forſake a Father, whom my Grandmother firſt ruin'd*, (hence *France* the Author of our Parents Calamity,) *or to forſake a Husband, my Country, nay God himſelf, and my Soul, my Neareſt and my Deareſt Pledge.*

'Tis a Cruel Neceſſity indeed, Madam, anſwer'd I, but not to be avoided; Heaven not enduring divided Duty, nor divided Affections; Heaven, that has not only joyn'd you by an Eternal Tie to *WILLIAM*, but calls you to Succour your Labouring if not Periſhing Country, the Church of God, your Religion, and theſe your *Batavians*, over whoſe Necks the Sword or Bondage hang. You forſake a Father, Madam, 'tis true, but who firſt forſook Himſelf, Nature, his Children, Kingdoms, Religion, Laws, his Word, and the Hopes of his Subjects; who departed himſelf from the Government, that he might ſerve the Conveniences of thoſe, who under the pretence of Falſe Religions, meaſure all things Divine and Human by their own Advantages.

ges. And when I added, that ſhe was called by the Voice of Heaven from a moſt delightful Eaſe, to be the Companion of *WILLIAM* in his Cares and Toyles, and unleſs our Wiſhes fail'd us, to the Government of one of the Greateſt Empires in the World.

I, ſaid the Very Image of Modeſty it ſelf, *I Govern a People and Weild Scepters! I who have only learnt to handle, next the Sacred Bible, Books that either may inſtruct or recreate the Mind, then to handle my Needle,* Pen or Pencil, or to mind my Flowers, Garden, *or whatever elſe belongs to my Family Affairs, or calls off our Sex from the Contagion of Idleneſs! And therefore be not deceived in your Opinion,* continued ſhe, *ſmiling, as if the Prince by his Society had inſtructed me in the Arts of Peace and War. 'Tis true, after Hard Hunting, or wearied with Continual Audiences, or tir'd with Inceſſant Cares for the Good of the Republick, He comes to my Chamber, about Supper-time, upon this Condition, that I ſhould not tire him more with multiplicity of Queſtions, but rather ſtrive to recreate him overtoil'd and almoſt ſpent, with pleaſing Jeſts, that might revive him with Innocent Mirth.*

Thus you ſee, moſt Noble Auditors, that *MARY* may be ſaid to have been, for the greateſt part, her own Schoolmiſtreſs in the moſt difficult of all Arts, the Art of Reigning; nor would ſhe ſo lately have taken Empire upon her, had it not been to preſerve the Empire from Ruin. And indeed her firſt Rudiments, from the time that ſhe betook her ſelf to the Helm of the Republick, while *WILLIAM* was labouring beyond the Seas to ſtop the Career of an Impetuous Enemy, equall'd if not ſurpaſſed the conſummate Foreſight, Sagacity, Courage, Virtue and fidelity, as well in Council as in the Field, either of the *Marcia's*, formerly among the *Britons*, or the *Zenobia's* in the *Eaſt*. And that

which

which amaz'd the World was this, that neither the Pride, nor the Ambition of those Women actuated her; yet when all things were in a Tottering Condition within the Kingdom, when the surrounding Ocean shook with Gallick Thunder, and all good men were struck with astonishment, and under the Terror of dubious Event, she shewed a Courage undaunted and unacquainted with Fear. The British Sea was covered with the Enemies Fleet, in a manner Victorious, and contemning Female Empire, block'd up the *English* Havens, when at the same time, after their Fidelity sold and adulterated for Mony, the *English* and their Admiral look'd on as immoveable, while the *Belgian* Ships deserted by Nefarious Conspiracy, were sunk and batter'd, when they least expected it. Within the Bosom of the Kingdom also, Fell Conspirators endeavour'd through hidden and pernicious Mines, not delv'd with Spade or Pickax, but Horrid Machinations, to open a way to a most Crafty Enemy, who under the Specious pretence of *James*'s Name, not only threatned the Queen with Chains, the *English* with Servitude, Religion with Exile, and to mix all things with Confusion, Slaughter, Conflagration, Sack and Rapine, but sang their *IO* Triumphs, as if the Town had been their own. In *Flanders*, through a certain Fatal Misfortune, and by the Craft rather then the Courage of *French* Impetuosity, our Horse giving way to their first Fury, the Confederate Forces were worsted. All this while *WILLIAM* was a great way off in *Ireland*, where the *French* in conjunction with the perfidious *Irish*, possessed all the Cities, Towns, Castles, Fortresses, Ports, and the Metropolis of the whole Kingdom. Nor were Affairs in a doubtful condition only, but almost desperate, beyond the Power of Humane Sagacity to imagin, that ever our Hero, in view of an opposing Enemy, should ford the *Boyn*, as *Cæsar* did the *Rhine* and *Betis*, exposing his Royal Person, not unwounded neither,

to

to the Cannon Bullets, and Muſquet Hail, and in one day put the *Barbarians* with their *French* Confederates to flight, and conſtrain *Trembling James* to quit the Iſland. In the midſt of ſo many Streights, what did *MARY* do? Did She deſpond, was She terrifi'd with the hideouſneſs of the Danger? Did She ſhake for fear, when

Et Tellus atq; Horrida contremuerunt Æquora?

Was ſhe afraid of ſuborn'd Ruffians? Did ſhe ſlink away from the Royal Palace? Did ſhe, dubious what Courſe to take, commit her ſelf to Fortune, expecting the Event? Or rather did ſhe not with a Manly Courage, an Example unheard of for many Ages backward, appear a *HEROESS* the more Undaunted in the diſtreſs of Affairs, Shine more great in the midſt of ſo many Adverſities, and with a Preſence of Mind, Wiſe in Council, Swift in Execution, ſtop the Threatning Navy, diſſipate the Machinations without, raiſe the drooping Spirits of the Conſternated, inſpire Fortitude into the Cowardly, ſuppreſs the Rebellious, terrifie the Perfidious, break the *Cataline*'s Conſpiracy, revive the deſtituted and forſaken *Belgians*, and diſperſe and diſpel the terrible Storms and Tempeſts that threatned on every ſide: Every where Ubiquitary, in the Palace, in the Council Chamber, in the Camp, in the Temple: Supplying all the Offices of a Queen, of a Senator, of a Captain by Sea and Land, and of a *Flamen*, raiſing towards Heaven all Pious and Chriſtian Devotion.

Hæc nos Fœminea vidimus acta manu.

Theſe things we ſaw by Female hand perform'd.

Theſe Acts of Taming a Haughty Enemy, and preſerving her Country, were her firſt Eſſays: Theſe were Auſpicious Commencements of that *Deborah*, who diſappointed and brought down more then one *Siſera*, curb'd with a then ſeaſonable Fear. Soon after, all things being compos'd, and the laſt Night, as it were of *Britiſh* Liberty, being chang'd into ſerene Day-light, and her Royal Spouſe being reſtor'd to her ſelf and to his Kingdoms, ſhe return'd to her former Quiet and Tranquillity of Mind. The reſt, who can be ignorant of moſt, Noble Hearers, how *MARY* while *WILLIAM* mareh'd with his Victorious Arms beyond the Seas, quelling the Haughty Fierceneſs of the *French*, and diſappointing by provident Delay their crafty Stratagems, how our HEROESS quite extinguiſh'd the Remainders of the *Iriſh* War, by the Courage and Conduct conſpicuous in War of our *Athlone?* Then how ſtill ſhe duly Day and Night watch'd over the Safety of her Kingdoms, her Subjects and the Common Cauſe; how Aſſiduous ſhe was in Court and Council whole Days together to adviſe with all People for the Common Welfare; how ſhe order'd Heaven to be Violenc'd by Prayers of the People through the whole Kingdom, rather imitating her Example, then in Obedience to the Publick Proclamations, for the Preſervation of *WILLIAM*; and which I look upon to be more then all the reſt, how by ſevere Edicts ſhe Triumph'd not onely over Treachery and Envy, but over Impiety and Prophaneneſs?

This AUGUST Queen being ſuch, and ſo Great a Perſon; ſo endow'd with a Genius ſo capacious to manage the Affairs of Peace and War, both in Council and the Field, and ſo true a Keeper of Secrets, no wonder the Magnanimous Hero reſted ſecure in the Boſom of His *MARY:* If he truſted

truſted her Prudence with his moſt Important and *Inward Secrets*; which her Curioſity never affected: If ſometimes preſs'd, though never oppreſs'd by the Weight of Affairs, and Burthen of his Cares, he call'd her to his Aſſiſtance, and equally divided with his Royal Conſort, even in moſt important and difficult Affairs, *One Mind, and One Will*, his Leiſure and his Buſineſs, his Proſperity and his Misfortunes; and that always the ſame Union of Hearts, the ſame Conjugal Fidelity, the ſame AUGUST CONCORD, never diſturb'd with Diſcontents or Clamours, have always been the Glory of their *Nuptial Chamber*, ſince their firſt Conſecrated Tye of Individual Society. So that their *Two Souls ſeem'd to be United in One*; not ſo much by the Mixture of one Common Blood, or the Law of Conjugal Neceſſity, as by the *Reſemblance of Manners*, and an Emulation to reach Heaven. Far unlike to what the Hiſtorian writes of *Placidia*, the Daughter of *Theodoſius* the Great, Marry'd to the Haughty Viſigoth, *Athaulphus*, That there was then a *Brittle Diſpoſition of Clay joyn'd to a Diſpoſition of Iron*. *Livia* is alſo Recorded to have been Eaſie to *Auguſtus*, feigning her ſelf wholly at the Beck of her Husband; not for her Husband's ſake, but for her own and her Children's; for whoſe Advancement ſhe became a Mother pernicious to the Republick, and ſuſpected of her Husband's Death. And whatever *Sempronius Gracchus* and *Caius Ceſar* boaſt of their *Cornelia's*, *M. Antonius* of his *Octavia*, *Druſus* of his *Antonia*, *Germanicus* of *Agrippina*, or *Trajan* of his *Plotina*; Whatever the Britiſh Hiſtory vaunts of *Marcia Proba*, the Wife of *Guitheline*; of *Maud* the *Good*, Wife of *Henry* the Firſt; of *Joan Beaufort* Marry'd to *James* the Firſt, King of *Scotland*; of *Eleanore* of *Caſtile*, the Wife of *Edward* the Firſt; *Philippa* of *Hainault* Marry'd to *Edward* the Third, for their Manly Deeds, for the Preſervation of their Husbands or their Kingdoms, or for their Conjugal

Conjugal Fidelity; certainly *WILLIAM* might justly exalt his Single *MARY* above all the Wives of Former Times. Than whom no Woman Greater for her Courage, more Religious in her Affection, more Amiable in her Countenance, more Modest in her Habit, more Affable in her Discourse, or who with a more obedient Readiness to serve her Royal Consort, whether present or absent; was more his Counsellor, *his Hands*, *his Ears*, *his Eyes*, and every way more Assistant to him. Certainly this was the true *Rose of YORK*, born indeed among Thorns, yet free from Prickles her self; whose Heart was without Gall, her Forehead without a Frown, her Words without any Sting, her Modesty without any Fucus, her Piety without any Pretence, or Vail, unless you mean the Vail of Modesty, Chastity and Humility; in which sence Piety is represented Vail'd in the Ancient Coins; and as now lately the August *WILLIAM* told his Mournful Bishops and Grandees, That *MARY'S outside was known to Them; but that her Intrinsick and Just Value was only known to himself.*

But as in this Mortal life, no Man can hope for perfect Happiness, and for that Human Affairs are many times the Sport of Human Wisdom, so this one thing was wanting to our Incomparable QUEEN; I mean the Appellation of Mother, Mother of the World, Mother of the Gods, Mother of Kingdoms. God so providing, because he never perpetuates his choicest Blessings to the World. Then, lest if *WILLIAM* and *MARY*, two Miracles of Nature and Grace had had Issue between 'em, either the Offspring might have degenerated from so great Parents, and have eclips'd their Glory: Or had they fill'd up the *Measure of so great Names*, they would have exceeded the Lot of Mortals, and by the *Dazle of so much Light* and Majesty, giv'n Man a Pretence by too much Veneration, to have

have injur'd Religion and the Worſhip of the Immortal God. Nor did *MARY* brook her BARRENNESS with Impatience: She did not cry out, *Give me Children, or elſe I dye:* She did not Contend with Heaven, nor Violence it with querulous Complaints; but ſo put up her Prayers to the Almighty, that, though unanſwer'd, they might rather inflame her Piety and Faith: I ſay, her Piety, moſt *Noble Auditors*, which *MARY* look't upon to be the *Compendium*, the Seaſoning of all Vertues, and the Support of Kingdoms; and therefore Religion was always her firſt Care, and her *Supreme Law*; as it was alſo to her Glorious *WILLIAM*. And therefore it was the frequent Saying of thoſe two Auguſt PRINCES, *That neither the Guards of Majeſty, the Councils of Princes, Emperors Legions, Cities Garriſon, Courage of their Leaders, Well diſciplin'd and Veterane Armies, nor the Sinews of War any thing avail'd to the Preſervation of Soveraigns or their Subjects without God's Aſſiſtance.* By which means it came to paſs, that ſince the firſt Foundation of Monarchies, and the rejecting of that Nation which was once ſo Sacred to God, never did any other Reign more happily reſemble the Form and Image of a *Theocracie* or God reigning over Mankind. I know that the ſollicitous Piety of more than one Empreſs is extoll'd to the Sky by the *Annals of the Church*; not with that ſervile Pen of ſome Hiſtorians, neither as when *Joſephus* commends *Poppæa Sabina*, a Woman of a Proſtituted Leudneſs, for her Sanctity to the Gods. But whatever Religion has inſpir'd into the moſt Holy Women, for whom Publick Prayers have been put up, as for the SAFETY and SECURITY of the REPUBLICK, and for whom Publick Anniverſaries have been Solemniz'd by all the Eaſt, ſuch as *Helena*, *Pulcheria* and *Ælia Flaccilla*; yet that all thoſe Mixtures of Humility and Superſtition, Magnify'd by the Officious Fanſings of Human Intereſt ever came near the *Con-*

ſpicuous Sanctity of our HEROESS, neither Friend nor Foe will betray his Judgment ſo far as to believe. What Queen like Her, with equal Ardour and Affection, was ever ſo Aſſiduous in her *private Converſations with God*, to whom ſhe not only offer'd the *Firſt-fruits of her Morning-ſacrifices her ſelf*, but Commanded it to be done by all that ſerv'd her? *Who converted almoſt into Chappels, her Bed-chamber, and the Innermoſt Receſſes?* Who ſo reſign'd her ſelf to Aſſociate with her Saviour, that beſides her Morning and Evening-Prayers, beſides her *Monthly and ſet Faſts*, every Day in her Cloſet alone by her ſelf offer'd up her Particular oblations, not of Frankincenſe or Wine, but of Sighs and Tears? Importuning Heaven with her moſt fervent Prayers, as well for the *Deſpair'd of Converſion of her Father*, as for the Preſervation of her Husband, her Kingdoms, Armies, the Confederate Cauſe, and the many Calamities which the Church groans under? More eſpecially, how fervently did our Queen implore the moſt Merciful Deity, with deep-fetch'd Sighs, powerfully to avert from the *Sacred Head of her Royal Husband*, on which the Welfare of All depended, ſo many Dangers by Sea and Land, ſo many Darts contorted againſt it; ſo many Machinations and Ambuſhes of malicious Conſpiracy, ſo many *Bloody Right Hands of Hir'd Aſſaſſinates?* Who ſo enter'd the Temple of God, as one that only intended Adoration, caſting out of her *Royal Chappel the quavering Singers and Fidlers, admitted meerly to tickle the Ears*; accuſtom'd always to compoſe her Mind, and not her Looks or Hair; moderate in her Dreſs, ſparing in her Train, *but eager and humble in her Attention?* Who, when ever ſhe enter'd the Church-doors, or happen'd to ſneeze in the time of Divine Service, impatiently brook'd the Bowings and Cringes of the Sycophant Croud; profeſſing, *That in the Houſe of God, the diſtinction was the ſame of Meaneſt and Higheſt from*

from the moſt Infinite Majeſty. What other Princeſs, in the very Impriſonments of Life and Auguſt Glory, in the ſlippery Station of ſoothing Age, Beauty and Soveraign Power, in the midſt of ſo many good Wiſhes and Adorations, was ever obſerv'd to exalt her Mind ſo ſublimely, yet ſo humbly to Heaven, as if ſhe *coveted every Day the Preſence of her Soul in Bliſs; who thought every Day loſt, that was not ſpent according to the Precepts of Chriſt?* Who trampl'd with contempt upon what was Tranſient and Mortal, as *Thrones, Scepters, Palaces, Crowns, Diadems, Robes of Dignity, Purple Trains*, and whatever elſe ſhe knew to be only deceitful Shew? But as once *Mecænas* ſaid, Nobly, to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, That he would never dye more Immortal, then when he call'd to mind *every Day that he was Mortal*, through an equal neceſſity of being born and dying; ſo was this the *frequent, if not daily Meditation of our Auguſt Queen.* So that, as it were foreſeeing her approaching Mortality, conſcious to her ſelf that the Laws of Fate never regarded Youthful Years, nor Majeſty of Thrones, nor the *Pomp of numerous Guards*, nor ſurrounding Attendance, nor the good Wiſhes of Men; She, a rare Example, mov'd by the untimely Death of ſeveral *Illuſtrious Women* in her Court, thought it high time more familiarly *to converſe with Death, and meditate upon Eternity.* And that ſhe might always have him in her Eye, beſides the ſacred Books which ſhe turn'd over more frequently then ever *Alexander* did *Homer's Iliads*; ſhe apply'd her ſelf to other Books no leſs familiar to her, which taught the *Art of Dying well*, more eſpecially the Treatiſe upon that Subject of *Charles Drelincourt*, which ſhe confeſs'd to his Son, then one of her Phyſicians, *that ſhe had read above ſeven times over.* So that it may be ſaid of

of this August Queen, what *Theophilus Alexandrinus* is reported to have admir'd upon his Death-bed in the Great *Arsenius*, who embrac'd a solitary Life in *Egypt*, weary'd out with the Honours of *Theodosius*'s Court, *Happy Thou, who didst always set this last Hour before thy Eyes.*

This being the Temper and Disposition of *Mary*'s Mind, and the Sanctity of her Life, how Great may you think was her Desire to reform what she found to be corrupt and deprav'd in the Manners of the Times, through the Licentiousness of the former Reigns? The sollicitous and pensive Queen recall'd to her Mind the *late Royal Court* and the Nation it left, soften'd and effeminated by the Delights of the Climate and the Soil, and the Temptations of Sin freed from the Fear of Punishment; when all People wanton'd in Plenty, Ease, Luxury, Play, Balls, and *Vitellian* Wastings of the Night, so that the Nerves of all manner of Virtue seem'd to be shrunk up. She observ'd *there was no Piety, but what was either in the Looks or outward Habit*: Manners everywhere dishonour'd; the Publick Churches adorn'd like Scenes; Burthens converted frequently into Honours, and Incumbent Duties made beneficial; the *Ministry of the Church into a kind of Civil Domination*, and the large Revenues of it made the Pampering Food of Wallowing Sloth and Domestick Luxury. Who can now doubt but that *MARY* us'd all her Endeavours to reduce all things into better Order, that she might restrain People from Things dishonest, more through the Shame of Transgressing, then the Fear of Punishment: And that she might promote to the Care of Spiritual Things, to the Priesthood and Preferments in the Church, August *WILLIAM* permitting

mitting this Choice to her piercing Judgment, none but ſuch as excell'd in Learning, Piety and Moderation. By which means it came to paſs, that thoſe Vices which openly before creſted their Heads, now *look out for skulking Holes* and voluntary Exile. *Luxury being expell'd the utmoſt Limits of the Court*, Profuſe Expences being reſtrain'd, the Incitements and Rewards of Vice being taken away, and the *Diſcipline of the beſt Times being again reſtor'd*. For all were to be taught to live and imitate the Manners of both Princes, and to conform themſelves to the Example of *WILLIAM* and *MARY*, which was at it were the Cenſure and Accuſation of Luxury and Intemperance.

And who can be ignorant of the *Streams of Royal Beneficence*, that were always flowing from this Inexhauſtible Fountain of Piety? Not petty Rivolets, but large and ſpreading Rivers; *Rivers of Milk*, *Rivers of Honey*. Which ran at firſt indeed through the Thirſty Sands of *MARY*'s Kingdoms, into which a Cruel Tempeſt had caſt Myriads of miſerable People; afterwards abounding in Water, through the Annual Exhibitions of Our QUEEN, amounting to no leſs then *Forty Thouſand Pounds Engliſh*, if credit may be given to the Letters written from thence. Then the ſame Waters were to flow, but through occult and latent Paſſages, without any noiſe, without any murmuring, beyond the Seas, into the thirſty and gaping Channels within *Belgium* it ſelf, of ſeveral Societies; or elſe into the Boſoms of diſtreſſed Families, Widows, Miniſters, Noble Matrons and Virgins, whoſe Poſſeſſions and Patrimonies afforded ample ſubſiſtance before, but now abandon'd and ruin'd. After this,

Germany wasted with Fire and Sword, was to be refresh'd with the same Fountains; or *Switzerland* almost overwhelm'd with Multitudes of the Miserable flying for Harbour from the Valleys of *Piedmont*, where there was neither House nor Hovel for suffering Innocency. But as to these things, no Praises, no Panegyricks are more Efficatious then *silence and secresie*. *MART* her self was silent, tho the Stones now speak. Yet are they not Pillars, nor Obelisks, nor Chappels of the Superstitious, magnificently adorn'd with Gold, Silver and Marble; nor Consecrated Oblations to the *Lady of Loretto*; but more Sacred Monuments then all these; every where *Houses of Piety*, *Hospitals* both publick and private, which she either built with her Mony, or liberally endowed. *Lastly*, The Moans and Lamentations of an Infinite Number of all *Conditions*, *Sexes and Ages*, who Gratefully and with Tears acknowledge they are beholding to her for their Lives and all the Conveniences of Life, extoll Her to the Skies. So that no Body in want, no Body truly poor, no Body reduced to Misery, ever found *MART'S* Benignity e're clos'd against him, or made his case known in vain, whose Petitions she did not only answer, when applied to, but for the most part prevented, when she was acquainted with their necessities. 'Twould be too long to enumerate every particular. 'Tis enough, that we have seen in our Age, a *MART* pouring forth from Her *Royal Viol* the most Precious Liquor of the Exquisite Nard, to anoint *Myriads of Poor People lying at the Feet of Jesus*, and in that abundance, that the Fragrant Odour of it has fill'd the whole House of God in every Corner of the World. Oh — *most truly the Better Part*, *made choice of by the belov'd of God!* Oh! most Joyful Catastrophe, while those Treasures

Treaſures that before were ſcattered with an Inconſiderate Bounty among *Harlots*, *Buffoons and Players*, as formerly at *Rome* among the Pathic *Pallas's* and *Narciſſus's*, and ſuch like Inſtruments of Wickedneſs, the Senate being defrauded, are now laid out either for *Publick Preſervation*, or to ſuccour the Neceſſities of the Miſerable. Oh truly *Royal Munificence*, not bountiful of other Peoples, but their own, giving what was by Violence torn from no Man; all People being convinc'd that this is no *Reſtitution* of what was unjuſtly taken away, or that an Exchequer now is open'd again, which being exhauſted and in debt by *Prodigal Liberality*, or the Expences of raſhly undertaken Wars, was ſupplied again with the Tears, the Blood and Subſtance of the People, as was done under Tyrannic Domination.

But whither will my Subject extend it ſelf; or how ſhould thoſe Great Actions which cannot be contracted within any Limits of *Places*, *Regions or Ages* be confin'd within the Bounds of *One Oration*, or the Walls of this Temple? Yet were I not too narrowly ſtreightned, how many Things could I ſay of the Earneſt Deſires of our Pious Queen to ſee extinguiſhed, or, as much as could be, leſſened the *Impious Diviſions*, too deeply rooted, but firſt ſown by the *Wicked Emiſſaries of* Rome, to the Ruin of her Country. *How averſe was ſhe from the Severity of former Times*, which decreed the *Diſſentors*, if not to be exterminated by the Sword, yet to be routed out by Excommunications, and macerated by Impriſonments, Fines and Baniſhment, for the *only ſake of their differing Diſcipline*, *free from all other the leaſt Stain or Peſtilence of Hereſie or Falſe Doctrine?* And how

how earneſtly has ſhe wiſh'd in my hearing (that ſaving to the Church of *England* and the Biſhops their Ancient Rights) *there might be a moderate way found to conſolidate the Common ſafety of* England, *and the Univerſal Church, by the Union of all Parties; all Offences being Remov'd, all Animoſity being laid Aſide, all Paſſion being Moderated, and whatſoever on either ſide favoured too much of Humane Invention, being utterly rejected.* Neither if we have any thing of Prophetic in us, is all Hopes of ſuch a Union cut off in the Loſs of *MARY*, while *WILLIAM ſtill remains.* What need more words, *Conſcript Fathers*; What a Veneration of Equity was there in our Heroeſs? What a Reverence of the Laws? What a Moderation of Mind next to that of Angels, ſo that *Her Anger never, Her Reaſon always mov'd?* What a Pleaſing Affability to all her Servants, who ſtrove to out-vye each other in Love, Fidelity and ready Obedience to ſuch a Miſtreſs, whoſe Commands were Intreaties? How patiently did ſhe paſs-by Injuries, tho done to Majeſty, which tho *Ariſtotle*, in his Moral Precepts, looks upon as Servile, ſhe with *Octavius Caſar*, thought to be Royal; the only Woman that would not forgive Backbiting and Slander in others, Flattery of her ſelf, and Contumely againſt God. But in what *Annals* do we meet with that Clemency in Princes, as in *MARY* and *WILLIAM*, not excepting the *Titus*'s, *Trajan*'s or *Antonius*'s, who would not dip their Scepters in the Blood of their Enemies, much leſs of the Guilty, meerly out of a Deſire to Save and Reform? For *Auguſtus* was by Nature known to be more prone to Revenge, only his Prudence made him Mild; which was the Reaſon he was ſo merciful to *Lucius* the Conſul, to *Metellus* the Father, for the Son's ſake, to *Cornelius*

nelius Gallus, to *Cinna*, to the Mutinous Legions, whoſe Names, deliver'd him in Writing, he flung into the Fire. But *MART* was ſo ſlow in requiring the Puniſhment of Offenders, *ſo accuſtomed to Pardon, and to be atton'd by the Wives, Children and Kindred of Rebels, and whoever embrac'd the Knees of Majeſty, and fled to the Altar of Royal Mercy*, that many thought it an allowance of Treaſon, and an Authorizing Impunity But the Clemency of the *AUGUST COUPLE* being rightly conſidered, the Prince was not deceiv'd by the Perjury; but the Perfidious themſelves, ill conſulting their own ſafety, while they willingly and voluntarily devoted their Lives, their Families and their Fortunes to the Vengeance of a Revenging God.

From that Extraordinary Indulgence, and deſire of curing rather than ruining the Guilty, who is there that may not eaſily make a Judgment of all the reſt; of her *Conſtant Mind in Adverſity*, her ſteady Faith in God, her Love to her Subjects, her Affection to her Servants, her Fidelity to her Confederates, her Pity to the Afflicted, and her Love toward all Men? Take ſome Specimens in a few words, but moſt worthy your Attention. Preſently upon the News of the Death of *Charles* II. *MART'S* Uncle by the Father's ſide, who

Lov'd her better then if he had begot her.

Plus quam ſi genuiſſet Amarat.

When this *Moſt Noble Senate* interpoſed their kind Offices of Condolement for ſo great a Loſs, by which her Father came to the Sovereignty, but upon which

moſt dark and diſmal Storms threatned the Kingdom, the Church and the Reformed Religion; ſhe, as ſhe was never without all the Marks of Civility, after ſhe had anſwered the Meſſenger, added theſe Expreſſions,

That it was the Will of GOD, through whoſe Providence, there was no reaſon to deſpair of the Public ſafety: That the Beſt Conſolation in Affliction was a Relyance upon GOD: That there was a Threatning Cloud hung over Her Father's Kingdoms, but that he was able to bring forth a ſplendid and moſt Acceptable Cloud out of the Thickeſt Darkneſs.

Oh *MARY* a true Propheteſs, and Words, a Certain Augury of what was to come! 'Tis now about two years ſince that the fatal news reached the Ears of the beſt of Queens, that News more eſpecially doleful to our Merchants, that ſo many Ships laden with Rich Goods and Wealthy Treaſure bound for the *Levant*, either through Perfidiouſneſs or ſupine Negligence, were either ſunk, or burnt, or yielded up to the *French*; which penetrated *ſo deeply to the Heart of the Compaſſionate Queen, that ſhe could not forbear watering her Royal Cheeks, before all the Standers by, with a deluge of Tears*; nor did ſhe only with her Tears bemoan the loſſes of thoſe who ſuffered after a more than ordinary manner, but alſo teſtified her ſympathizing in their Miſery to the Widows and Orphans that were

were hardly able to bear up under ſo great a Calamity. Nor ſhall I ever forget that Cruel Hour, when going to take my leave of the Princeſs returning to her Country.

I am call'd, *ſaid ſhe*, to my Husband, to my Native Country, to my Fellow Citizens, and whither Providence leads me, I muſt follow. But when I leave this Palace, I leave the Seat of my Leiſure, my Tranquillity and Delight: And firſt ſhall my Right Hand forget it ſelf, before I will ever forget this my *Belgium*, after ſo many Proofs of the Affection and Judgment of this Republick. Whoſe Loſſes, *added ſhe*, without the leaſt Commotion of Mind, whoſe Misfortunes and Calamities, and alſo whatever Proſperous and Joyful befalls it, I ſhall look upon as my own, as long I remember my ſelf.

Pardon me, Noble Auditors, if Sorrow weakens me to that degree, and intercepts my Voice in ſuch a manner that I am forced to draw a Vail over all the Reſt. More eſpecially as to the *pour'd forth Good Wiſhes of the People*, thoſe Reſpectful Duties of the Reverencing Fathers, the Weepings and Lamentations filling all the Streets, the loud Farewel Acclamations which the *flocking Multitude* of Men, Women and Children, of both Sexes and all Ages ſent up to Heaven, and with which they

they rather ſeemed to call her back, then take their leaves of her. *Farewel Pious*, *Farewel Beſt of Princes*, *Farewel the moſt Affectionate to Us, and never to be enough Belov'd again.* Oh Severe and Cruel Remembrance! Oh ſad and diſmal Preſages of a Laſt and Eternal Separation! But here my Sorrow ſtops my Mouth, and I muſt put an end at length to my Moſt *Bitter Memorial* of her Praiſes. But wherefore do I ſay an End, when dying ſhe was ſo much above all Praiſes, by how much the more ſhe approached nearer to Heaven and Eternity. *Ah Fatal and Unfortunate Day*, fit to be expung'd out of the Records of Time, when all things proſperous by Sea and Land, at Home and Abroad; a Bright Sun glorioufly ſhining in *Britain*; the Court in Jollity, the King Safe, the Parliament in perfect Union; the People pouring forth Acclamations, Conſpirators all ſuppreſſed; the Armies breathing forth nothing but Battels and Triumphs; all things compoſed under the Auſpices of the turning year, as it was thought to more laſting Joys; when the Eyes of all the World were fix'd upon the *Incomparable Pair* of of Sovereigns, and the *Good Wiſhes of all were, A Happy New Year to the Maſter and Miſtreſs*: Ah, Unfortunate and Fatal Day, when of a ſudden the Sky being overcaſt, and a Dark Afrightful Cloud covering the Meridian Sun, the *Face of Things was chang'd*, and Pangs like thoſe of Childbed ſucceeded. This Day was the *Thirtieth of December*, according to the *Gregorian* Account, when the moſt deſir'd of Queens, Youthful, Chearful, Vigorous, and born, as all Men thought, to *Eternity of Empire*, and whom the ſuffrages and deſires of all Men had deſtin'd to exceed the *Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, felt the firſt ſigns of an Incroaching Diſeaſe, that was ſoon after to lay her in her

her Grave. And presently at the beginning, Nature Deceiving Art; and the Genius of the Distemper, the most Sagacious Physicians, while some conjectur'd it to be the *Small Pox*, others the *Measels*, others an Intercuticular *Ignis Sacer*, some one thing others another; the Flame gathered strength so insensibly, and the Fire wanting no Fuel, fed so fiercely, while the *latent Mischief* stuck within her Bowels, that no *repeated Bloodletting*, no force of Medicaments, no Human Providence, no Industry of Art could qnench the Heat, or drive the Contagion to the outward Parts.

Thus that *QUEEN in whose Eyes, never was any Fire but what was truly Holy*, in whose Countenance never any Colour but what was in imitation of the Rose, in whose *Precordia* never any Boiling Choler, or Burning Anger ever known, her Mild and Patient Breast, at length the Cruel Flame so shook, endeavouring to break forth, that within the space of *Eight Days*, the most Lovely and *Splendid Structure* was burnt down and fell to the Ground. Yet fell in such manner, that the Tower of her Reason untouch'd, and in vain assail'd by Noxious Vapours, the Soul that only lodg'd within so great a Domicil, the *Divine Mind* that guided the whole Frame, and which being sprinkled with Coelestial Dew, like the Burning Bush received no Harm in the midst of the Flames, *retain'd the Knowledge of God, Her Self and her Condition.* And thus with a Compos'd and Quiet Mind, the Lamp of Faith and Hope continually burning, and a Hidden Light from Heaven illuminating those Darknesses wherewith the Dying Queen was encompassed, and the Serenity of her Forehead lessening the Ghastliness of her Countenance; the Fortunate *MARY* was to be *Eternally*

withdrawn from the moſt unfortunate Age: Almoſt at the ſame Years, and with the ſame fury of the Diſeaſe, as *Alexander was raviſh'd from the World*, or *Germanicus Caeſar*, bewail'd by thoſe who knew him not, tho their immortality were not the ſame.

For with what a Countenance think ye, *Noble Auditors*, did ſhe receive the Diſmal News of her approaching and certain Fate, the terror of Demi-Gods and Hero's, before the laſt Combats and Struglings of Expiring Nature. When the renowned *THOMAS TENISON*, a Perſon, in whoſe *Learning, Eloquence Integrity and Fortitude of Mind*, St. *Ambroſe* and *Chryſoſtom* may more truly ſeem to be reviv'd than in his Cope and purple, like another *Iſaiah*, was ſent to comfort up the Queen, and thus deliver'd himſelf to her at the *laſt minute* of her Life.

Madam, *Settle your Affairs, your Family, and your Mind; you have liv'd and finiſh'd the Courſe which the Parent of Nature hath allotted you:* She receiv'd it with the ſame chearfulneſs of Countenance and Mind, as ſhe was wont to do every thing elſe; not complaining and murmuring at her laſt Gaſps with *Germanicus*, that ſhe had juſt cauſe of Complaint againſt God, who took her away by an untimely end, in the Flower of her Youth, from her Husband, from her Country, from her Servants, her People and Friends. Nay, nothing terrified with the Image of Death, ſhe made this Reply.

Father,

Father, how good a Meſſenger are you to me, who, as it were, commanded from Heaven, bring the Tidings of my laſt neceſſity of dying! Here I am ready to ſubmit to what-ever pleaſes God the Diſpoſer of my Life and Death. I am not now to learn that difficult Art of Well-dying. I have made up my Account with God, by the aſſiſtance of my Surety Chriſt. I have diſcharged my Conſcience long ſince, I have conſider'd the condition of my Mortality: I have ſetled all my Affairs; and ſurrendred into the Boſom of my Deareſt Husband all thoſe cares that concern the World: And therefore he that calls me, finds me ready to lay down the Burthen of this Life, being no more than a Load of Infirmities, Sin and Labour.

The turning to her Royal Husband, ſtanding by her Bed-ſide, ſhe is ſaid to have brake forth into words to this Effect.

Farewell, my WILLIAM, and live mindful of our undefiled Matrimony, till Thy Lot ſhall reſtore Thee to Me, or Me to Thee. I ſhall not altogether dye, while Thou ſingly poſſeſſeſt the Sole Image of Us both. Thou wilt be My Living Tomb, more Sacred and more Honourable than any Mauſoleum or Funeral Monument. I was bound

to My Spouſe Jeſus, before I was ty'd to Thee, nor doſt Thou envy him the Prerogative of My Love, who firſt joyn'd Me to himſelf. Farewel the laſt time, and once more live the greateſt Part of me. Thus it behov'd Me to go firſt, and that Thou ſhould cloſe My Eyes, and not I Thine. I was not born to accompliſh thoſe Things which being begun by Thee, and by Thee ſtrenuouſly carried on, remain to be brought by Thee to perfection. 'Tis Thy buſineſs to wage Wars; the Supream Emperor has girded Thy Loyns with a Sword. And if there be any Senſe of Human Affairs in Heaven, while Thou a Second Joſhua *art fighting in the Field, Thy* MARY *ſhall pour forth Her Prayers for Thee and Thy* Iſrael *in the Mountain of Eternity. Lay aſide the Vehemence of Thy Grief, Dear Prince, give way to Deſtiny, rely upon God; and forbear to recall Me again by thy Tears, from the Port of Tranquillity, and the End of my Labours to New Conflicts which I have ſo often ſuſtained as I have thought upon thy Dangers; nor haſten to follow this Soul of Mine, but live out thoſe Years that Nature has deny'd to Me and Thy own too. And if Thou haſt any Love for My People, for the Church, for* Holland, *for all* Europe, *be more careful than hitherto of Thy own Preſervation.*

Thus

Soon after, notwithſtanding the Flame that prey'd upon her Marrow, a ſtronger Fire from Heaven ſo inflamed her *Cæleſtial Soul*, ſo that her fervent Heart that now no longer thought of any thing Mortal, ſoar'd up to God, her *ſparkling Eyes were fix'd upon Heaven*, and her deep-fetch'd ſighs aſcended up to Jeſus; thoſe Precious Oblations breathing forth moſt Sweet Perfumes to Heaven, like Coſtly Odours laid on Burning Coals. Till at length, the *moſt Auguſt and Pious MARY STUART* in the midſt of the Wailing Throbs of all the Standers by, and *mournful WILLIAM* ſipping her laſt Gaſps, made a full end of Living and deſerving well of Human Kind, only in the Laſting Example and Emulation of her Vertues, the firſt day of the Kalends of *January*, in the Year MDCXCV. toward the Sixth Year of her Reign, in Thirty Third of her Age, and Seventeenth of her Conjugal Conjunction with the Renowned WILLIAM, and ſome Months over.

Thus dyed the AUGUST QUEEN *MARY*, PIOUS, COMPASSIONATE, BENEFICENT, VICTORIOUS, BLESSED, who magnificently triumphed over *Envy*, *Ambition*, *Pride*, *Ungodly Affections*, *the Vices of the Age*, *during the whole Courſe of her Life*, and laſtly over the Great Enemy of Mankind, with whom we are all to ſtruggle. Thus ſhe ſurrendred *Scepters*, *Purple*, thus all Pomp and Glory, not till ſhe had firſt enjoy'd and taſted the Vanity of every one; ſhe, then whom Ancient and Modern Ages never knew any thing more Majeſtic or more Venerable, nothing more Elated above all the Bounds of Envy or Human Cuſtom; and like to whom it will never be poſſible for the Imagination *to form any other Princeſs*, *while Kingdoms and Empires Endure.* Thus now muſt be entern'd in a Royal indeed, but ſmall obſcure Six Foot Domicil, that Noble, but Embowell'd Body of MARY; from which they now muſt turn their mourful Eyes and Hearts, who ſo lately were Chear'd and Exhilerated by the *Brightneſs of her Royal Structure*, by the Majeſty

ſty of her Serene and Awful Aſpect, by the Cœleſtial Splendor of her Eyes, and the Charming Sweetneſs of her Words. Thus e're ſhe had meaſur'd the one half of ELIZABETH'S Reign by ſeveral years, MARY ceas'd to live. But ſtill this Name ſeems much more Happy and Auſpicious, than was the moſt Praiſe-worthy Name of *Elizabeth*. For *Elizabeth* was the Aſtoniſhment, this the Love and Delight of the World. She reigned in the Hearts of a Great Nation, This in the *Hearts* of all People. *Elizabeth* was Famous for the Splendor, Magnificence and outward Pomp of her Court and Church; but MARY won more Renown by her *Humility, her Bounty and her Alms*. *Elizabeth* exalted the Grandeur and Honour of the *Engliſh* Name. This ſtudied thoſe Things which tended to the Conſolation and Succour of the *Miſerable*, and to the Eternal *Concord*, *Peace and Felicity* of her People.

Oh Sempeternal Ornament of QUEENS and WIVES! Didſt thou here therefore only come, permit me the Repetition of the Words that were ſaid to *Cato*, ſuddenly

ly withdrawing himſelf out of the Senate, *Didſt thou come hither, only to be gone again!* To deceive the Wiſhes of ſo many Mortals, who thought there could nothing more corroborate their Felicity in this moveable Scene of Wordly Affairs, then if *MARY* ſhould *long live and Govern!* Doſt thou thus, Great *QUEEN* withdraw they ſelf from thy *WILLIAM*, from thy People, from thy *Hollanders!* Of whom we may more truly ſay, then fawning *Rome* of her *Auguſtus or Severus, that they ought either never to have been Born, or never to have Died.* Whoſe *Firſt Birth*, when thou wert born to the Earth, might be look'd upon as the *Palilia* or Foundation-Feſtivals of *Britain* and the Univerſal Church; but thy *Laſt Birth*, by which thou wert born to Heaven might be thought the utmoſt Line of Both, didſt thou not ſtill live in *WILLIAM*. Behold how the Reformed Church, and of all Hands the moſt *Fortunate*, that was Illuſtrated by ſuch a Sun, is now wrapt up in Darkneſs by the departure of ſo *Bright a Luminary* portending great and unſpeakable Calamities, unleſs the moſt benign Deity avert them, *bow'd by the loud Prayers of His Elect.* However

ever we envy thy Immaculate Happineſs; in this our ſingle Love of thee exceeding whatever Charity we have for our ſelves, that we ſtrive not to recall thee back to thoſe *Frail Glories* which thou ſeeſt below us and trampleſt 'em all under thy Feet; rais'd above all the Rage of Treachery, the Snares of Envy, the Violences of Enemies, the *Injuries of Age*, or the Fleet Image of Worldly Things. We bewail our own and the Loſſes of the *whole World*, but with bruiſed Breaſts we accuſe our Tranſgreſſions againſt Heaven, as the Cauſes of our Calamities. And may it then be lawful for us alſo, in theſe our laſt *Funeral Offices*, to give thee a long and Eternal Farewel. "Farewel AUGUSTA *MARY*, lately the "Moſt Sacred Pledge of Heaven, the Felicity of the World, the Ornament of the "Age, the Admiration of the People, the "Palladium of *Britain*, the Delight of *Holland*, the Conſolation of the Church, the "Support of Truth, the Curb of Vice, "the Foſter-Mother of the Poor, the Hope "and Defence of the Miſerable. Suffer us, "tho taken from our Eyes, that we may

" always fix thee in our Minds; that we
" may always behold with a joyful and
" perpetual Remembrance, that Countenance,
" that Aſpect which formerly we approach-
" ed with Veneration, that Royal Right-
" Hand which we have often *ſo ſubmiſſive-*
" *ly Kiſs'd*, but more eſpecially that Cœle-
" ſtial Mind, and in That, the Concur-
" rence of all Praiſes and all manner of
" Vertue. Laſtly, HAPPY SOUL,
" accept, not the vain Noiſes of profuſe
" Applauſe, which they pour often from
" their Breaſts that are prodigal in praiſing
" others; not Female Lamentations, not
" Fruitleſs Wiſhes, not Windy Expreſſions
" and Vollies of Idle Words. Accept, not Sa-
" crilegious Altars, nor Temples, nor Maſ-
" ſes, nor Circenſion Pomp, nor Funeral Cha-
" riots, but accept this Publick and Grate-
" ful Teſtimony of Minds moſt devoted to
" thy Vertues, to thy Benefits, to what thou
" haſt merited of us, CONSECRATED
" TO THY ETERNAL HONOUR
" AND MEMORY.

And now we turn our ſelves to Thee, the *MOST INVINCIBLE*, yet the *MOST SORROWFUL* of Things, in whoſe *Royal Palace*, among Triumphant Lawrels the unfortunate Cypreſs ſupplies the room of the moſt Auſpicious Roſe. You with more right implore from the Immortal God, what *Auguſtus Cæſar* is reported to have begg'd at the Funeral of *Druſus Germanicus*, *that his Falſe Deities would grant him an Exit equally Glorious*; you with more right. I ſay, this day that *MARY* is carried to her Tomb with publick *Funeral Splendor*, implore of God an Exit like that of your *QUEEN*, and the Glory of a Death like Hers. But we above all things ſtretch forth our Hands and Hearts to Him under whoſe diſpoſal we live, that none of us may ſee that *Black Day* Riſe, wherein the Haſty Death of *WILLIAM* would prove the Common and the *Fatal Funeral Pile of all Europe*, *and the Univerſal Church*. Strengthen your ſelf with Vertue and Courage *MOST VALIANT* of *HERO'S*: You that are accuſtomed to vanquiſh others, even anger'd Fortune it ſelf.

You

You that appear'd more wonderful in *Adverſity* then in *Proſperity*. You whom the World's Sovereign Emperor has *hardned from the Cradle* by Misfortunes, and whoſe Vertue had *been leſs conſpicuous, had it been leſs ſubdued and exerciſed*; ſo frame your Mind to Conſtancy of Reſolution, that it may be manifeſt not only to *Britain*, but to all the World, that you *could overcome your Self, whom no man elſe could ever vanquiſh*; even when Invincible Nature was to be expugn'd, which is the Chiefeſt Victory of all. We do not deſire Your *Breaſt* ſhould be inacceſſible to Grief or Joy, which *Marcus Aurelius* is reported to have affected, far from any commotion of Mind: We only deſire this, that after *Your Tears have prov'd You to be a Man, You would remember that You are a Prince*, and ſuch a Prince, upon whoſe ſingle Fortitude, ſo many Nations, ſo many People, ſo many Panting Souls believe their Safety their Liberty, their Hopes and Fortunes depend. You have all along been mindful, which we look upon and eſteem to be the Greateſt Thing of all, that you are a Chriſtian, bred up in the more *Sacred School* then the moſt

moſt Eloquent of the *Romans*, while you are fully convinc'd *that nothing happens preternatural or unuſual to the Laws of Providence*, not ſo much as the fall of a Sparrow, much leſs of a Man, ſtill much leſs of all thoſe who are the expreſs Image of that Immortal Deity whom they repreſent. Your Mind GREAT KING, that horrid Thought ne're troubl'd, which diſturb'd the Famous *Pompey*, after the ſlaughter of *Pharſalia*, whether the Gods took care of things on Earth? You that have learnt to wage War with Kings, not to contend with the *King of Kings*, ſuffer not your ſelf to be incens'd againſt Heaven, for *redemanding the Pledge* which it had given You, but for no certain Time. So that it may ſeem doubtful to many, *whether You have more Reaſon to lament for what You have loſt, or to be gratefully thankful for what You once enjoy'd.* You dive not into the Secrets of the Eternal Mind, or that all Provident Wiſdom, who in a moment ſeems to us to have deſtroy'd his own Workmanſhip, and to have diſturb'd and diſappointed all both Yours and our

Hopes. This is not the *First Day Your Experience*, how many times God fruſtrates the Deſires of Mortals, frequently curtailing *long-grounded Hopes* by ſpeedy diſappointment, and no leſs often converting into unexpected preſervation the deſpair ariſing from *ſad and ſudden Accidents*. Even YOU YOUR SELF, Great Sovereign, have prov'd by Trials of Your own, who and how Powerful is that Upholder of Princes, that Preſerver of Your Perſon, *even before You were born*, that Protecting and Avenging God, who wreſted you from ſo many *Ambuſhments* when You were hardly come into the World, who daſh'd in pieces ſo many Conſpiracies againſt Your Life, held back the Hands of ſo many *Hir'd Aſſaſſinates*, ſcatter'd the force of growing Diſtempers, ſtifl'd the Hatred and Animoſities of Your Enemies, averted the Effects of attempted Poyſons and threatning BULLETS, and every where cover'd Your Sacred Perſon, in Your *Cradle*, *in Your Palace*, *in the Camp*, *in Battle*, *in Your Journeys*, *and in all Manner of Dangers*. He it was, who

who when all men thought there had been a final End put to the Rights of Royal Succeſſion,

Ex falſo, mendaci ventre, Puerperio:

By the Falſe-birth of a Fallacious Womb,

That the Ruin of *Britain*, her Laws and Religion had been determin'd, and the Extirpation of the Reformed Name, and the Total Deſtruction of *Carthage* had been concluded, raiſed up You, far greater then *Conſtantine*; *MARY*, then *Helena*, to be the Saviours of the *Britiſh Orb*. So is it alſo the ſame God who has ſafeguarded Your Perſon till theſe times by ſo many *Prodigies and Miracles, to be the Aſſerter of Liberty, the Curb of Tyranny, the Terror of a Potent Enemy, the Bulwark of the Chriſtian World, the Sanctuary of Religion, and the Standard by which the Succeſſes of the Greateſt Actions and Deliberations are Debated. In You alone, as in a certain Center, now the Wiſhes of all men meet, which before were divided between Two.* And now, as long as the FIERCE GAUL

ſtill

ſtill proudly advances his Head, tho with a languiſhing Kingdom, exhauſted Treaſures, intercepted Trade, Manufactures laid aſide, and the Blood of the Subject ſupplying the Exchequer, the Generalitie of the People oppreſſed, and languiſhing under Exactions, Slavery, War, Famine and ſcarcity of all Things, 'tis Your Part to reſtore and revive what has been proſtrated and laid waſte by ſo many cruel Loſſes receiv'd from a *Triumphant Enemy*; to wipe away our Sorrows and our Grievances, and to raiſe again to its Priſtine Luſtre, *Peace and Security*, almoſt all the European Orb, tired out with ſo many Calamities, waſted by ſo many *Conflagrations*, deformed with the *Ghaſtly Footſteps of Gallic Fury*, and ſtreaming every where with Human Blood. In a Word, 'tis You POTENT *WILLIAM*, that the World demands for *its Reſtorer*, Britain *for her Preſerver*, Holland *for her Defender*, *the Church for her Upholder*, *the Army for their Leader*, *the Oppreſſed and Wandring for their Avenger*, *the Confederacy for their Bond of Concord*, *and all* Europe *for the Arbiter of her Peace and Wars*. And while we

ſingly

ſingly pray that all Things Lucky and Proſperous may attend your Enterprizes, we wiſh that by the ſame means all Things may Proſperouſly and Fortunately befall Your *Kingdoms, this Our Republick, all the Chriſtian Churches, our Selves, our Wives, our Children, and our Poſterity.* In the mean time we alſo implore this Advantage to our ſelves from the Death of your *Dear MARY*, that where-ever we contemplate that *Moſt Accompliſh'd Image of all Vertue and Perfection*, ſo far as Mortality would allow, Her LIFE and DEATH may to every one of us, be *Guides to Heaven.*

DIXI.

Books

Books lately Printed for John Dunton.

SOme *Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of his late Majesty*, not hitherto made publick, as they were delivered in a Funeral Oration, pronounc'd by Publick Authority, in the Hall of the Most Illustrious States, upon the Day of the *Royal Obsequies*, *March* 5. 169⅔. By *Francis Spanheimius*, D. F. chief Professor of the *Academy of Leyden*. Done into *English* from the *Latin* Original.

A Sermon upon the Death of the Queen of England. Preached in the *Walloon* Church at the *Hague*, *Feb.* 6. 1694. upon these words, *Acts* 9. 36, 37. *There was at* Joppa *a certain Disciple whose name was* Tabitha, *which signifies* Dorcas, *who was full of Good Works and the Alms-deeds which she did. It happen'd in those days that she fell sick and dy'd.* By *Isaac Claude*, Minister of the *Walloon-Church*. Done into *English* from the Second Edition Printed in *French*.

Heroine Sacrifice. A Pindarick Poem, Occasion'd by the Death of that most excellent Princess, our late *Gracious Sovereign Lady Mary* the Second, of Glorious Memory. By *Henry Peth*, Curate of *Wentworth* in *Yorkshire*.

The *History of all Religions in the World*, from the Creation down to this present time, in 2 parts; the first containing their *Theory*, and the other relating their *Practices*. By *W. Tunay*, M. A. and Vicar of *Walberton* in *Sussex*. Price bound 6 *s.*

The First and Second Volumes of the *French* book of Martyrs, published in *English* with her Majestie's Royal Privilege. Price 20 *s.* ——*The Third and Fourth Volumes*, containing all the *Persecutions* of *Lewis* the fourteenth, will be also done into *English* soon after the said Volumes are publish'd in *Holland*.

The *Tigurine* Liturgy, published with the approbation of Six Reverend Bishops.

Dr. *Burthogg*'s Essay upon Reason, and the Nature of Spirits dedicated to Mr. *Lock*. Price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

The Works of the Right Honourable *Henry* late L. *Delamer*, price bound 5 *s.*

Malbranch's *Search after Truth*, compleat, in Two Volumes, in *Octavo*. —The *Second Part* of this work was lately published, to which is added the Author's Defence against the Accusations of Monsieur *de la Ville*; also the Life of Father *Malbranch*, of the Oratory at *Paris*; with an Account of his Works, and several particulars of his controversie with Monsieur *Arnaud*, Dr. of *Sorbon*, and Monsieur *Regis*, Professor in Philosophy at *Paris*. Written by Monsieur *Le Vassor*, lately come over from *Paris*: *both Volumes* done out of *French* from the last Edition, by Mr. *Sault*, Author of the New Treatise of *Algebra*, both Volumes 10 *s.*

Bishop Barlow's *Genuine Remains*, containing near an hundred distinct subjects, Theological, Philosophical, Historical, &c. Published from his Lordship's Original Papers, by Sir *Peter Pett*, Kt. Advocate General for the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Price bound 6 *s.*

Dr. *Ecker's Examination* of the common Opinions concerning Spirits, Apparitions, their Nature, Powers, Administration and Operations; as also the Effects men are able to produce by their Communication.

A *Detection of the Court and State of England*, during the 4 last Reigns, and the *Interregnum*; consisting of secret Memoirs, &c. with Observations and Reflections; Also an Appendix, discovering the present state of the Nation; in two Volumes; by *Roger Coke*, Esq; Price bound 8 *s.*

A Spiritual Magazine Exercised, the 4th Volume; by several Reverend Divines

The Tragedies of Sin contemplated in the Fall of Man, the Ruin of the Angels, the destruction of the Old World, the confusion of *Babel*, and conflagration of *Sodom*; by *Stephen Jay*, Rector of *Chinnor* in *Oxfordshire*. Price 2 *s*. 6 *d*.

A Practical Discourse on, *Thes*. 4. 7. by *John Brandon*, Rector of *Finchamsted*.

A Treatise of Fornication, by *W. Barlow*, Rector of *Chalgrave*.

The Divine Captain characteriz'd, in a Sermon Preached by *Edm. Hickeringal*, Rector of *All Saints* in *Colchester*.

The Frailty and Uncertainty of the life of Man, delivered in a Sermon at the Funeral of a Person that died suddenly, by the Reverend Mr. *W. Bush*.

A Practical Discourse upon Col. 3. 5. by *R. Carr*, Vicar of *Sutton*.

Dr. *Singleton's* Practical Discourses upon 1 *John* 12. 28.

An account of the Conversion of *Theodore John*, a late Teacher among the *Jews*.

Heads of Agreement assented to by the United Ministers, price 4 *d*.

The Countries Concurrence with the *London*, united Ministers, by Mr. *Chandler*, p. 1 *s*.

The Life of the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Brand*, written by Dr. *Annesley*, price 1 *s*.

Practical Discourses on sickness and recovery, in several sermons, as they were lately Preached in a Congregation in *London*, by *T. Rogers*, M. A. after his recovery from a sickness of near two years continuance.

Early Religion, or a Discourse of the Duty and Interest of Youth. The second Edition. Price 1 *s*.

Fall not out by the way, or a persuasion to a Friendly Correspondence between the Conformists and Nonconformists, in a Funeral Discourse on *Gen*. 45. 24. occasioned by the desire of Mr. *Anthony Dunwell*, in his last Will. All three written by *T. Rogers*, M. A. price 1 *s*.

The Mourners Companion, or Funeral Discourses on several Texts, by *John Shower*, price 1 *s*. 6 *d*.

Mr. *Boyses* answer to Bp. *King*.

The Vanity and Impiety of Judicial Astrology. price 3 *d*.

Mensalia Sacra, or Meditations on the Lord's Supper, by the Reverend Mr. *F. Crow*, M. A. late Minister at *Clare* in *Suffolk*. price 1 *s*.

A *Practical Discourse* on the late Earthquakes, by a Reverend Divine. price 6 *d*.

Trinity, or the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity asserted in a Discourse on 2 *Cor*. 13. 14. by *Isaac Mauduit*, Minister of the Gospel, Price 6 *d*.

An *Earnest Call to Family Catechism* and Reformation, by a Reverend Divine, price 6 *d*. or 50 for 20 *s*.

Comfort for Parents mourning over their Hopeful Children that die young, by *T. Whitaker*, Minister at *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*.

The 3d Edition of the Life and Death of the Reverend Mr. *John Elliot*, who was the first Preacher of the Gospel to the *Indians* in *America*; with an Account of the wonderful success which the Gospel has had amongst the Heathens in that part of the World. Written by *Cotton Mather*. price 1 *s*.

Gospel Truth stated and Vindicated, the Second Edition. price 1 *s*.

A *Defence of Gospel Truth*. price 6 *d*.

Man made Righteous by Christ's Obedience, being two Sermons at Pinners Hall, with inlargements.

The Vanity of Childhood and Youth, all four written by *D. Williams*.

The Young Man's Claim to the Sacrament, by *J. Quick*. price 6 *d*.

Mr. *Barker's Flores Intellectuales*. In two parts.

Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. *John Mason*, late Minister of *Waterstratford*, drawn up by a *Reverend Divine*, to which is added his Christian Letters, printed from the Original Copies.

Proposals for a National Reformation of Manners, to which is added the Instrument for Reformation, &c. price 6 *d*.

The Knowledge of the World, or the Art of well educating Youth through the various Conditions of Life, by way of Letters to a Noble Lord, *Vol*. 1. to be continued in that *Method* till the whole Design is finish'd. Printed first at *Paris*, afterwards reprinted at *Amsterdam*, and now done into English.

A *Narrative of the Extraordinary Cure* wrought in an instant upon Mrs. *Elizabeth Savage*, Lame from her Birth, without the using of any Natural Means; with the Affidavits which were sworn before the *Right Honourable the Lord Mayor*, and the *Certificates* of several credible Persons, who knew her both before and since her Cure. price 6 *d.*

The Fourth Edition of the Lives and Tryals of those Eminent *Protestants*, who fell in the *West* of *England*, and elsewhere, from the year 1678, to 1689.

COMPLEAT SETS of the *Athenian Mercury* (being *sixteen Volumes, &c.*) resolving all the most *nice and curious Questions* proposed by Ladies and Gentlemen for the last FOUR YEARS.

The History of several Remarkable Penitents——to which is added a Sermon preached at *Boston* in *New England*, to a condemn'd Malefactor, by *Increase Mather*.

A *Narrative of the conversion* of *Mackerness*, late of *March*, in the Isle of *Ely*, by Mr. *Burroughs* a minister at *Wisbech*. price 1 *s.*

Directions, Prayers, and Ejaculations for such as lead a Military Life. price 2 *d* or 100 for 14 *s.*

A *New Book of Trade*, entituled *Panarithmalogia*, by *W. Leybourn*, Author of *Cursus Mathematicus*. Price 4 *s.* 6 *d.*

The Tryals of several Witches lately Executed in *New-England*, published by the special Command of his Excellency the Governour of *New-England*. The third Edition. Price 1 *s.*

☞ All these aforesaid books are sold by *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*, and also by *Edm. Richardson* near the *Poultrey-Church*.

BOOKS now in the Press, and going to it, Printed for John Dunton.

PROPOSALS for Printing by *Subscription* —— *An History of all the Remarkable Providences which have happened in this present Age, as also of what is Curious in the Works of Nature and Art, with parallel Instances from former Ages* —— By *William Turner*, M. A. and Vicar of *Walberton* in *Sussex*. PROPOSALS and SPECIMENS giving a full account of this Work, may be had of the Undertaker *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*, as also of *Edm. Richardson*, near the *Poultrey* Church, and of most Booksellers in *London*, and the *Country*. —— 'Tis desired that those *Remarkable Providences concerning* Atheists, *the answering of Prayers, and upon several other Heads* mentioned in a Letter lately sent to the Undertaker of the *History of Remarkable Providences*; might be sent with all convenient speed to *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*. —— This is further to give notice, that those that expect any Benefit by the *Proposals* made concerning the *said Work*, would send in their *First Payment, viz.* 15 *s.* with all possible expedition the *first of September* next, being the *longest time* allowed for taking in *Subscriptions*.

* Upon the 26*th* of this instant *June* will be published —— *An Essay upon the Works of Creation and Providence*: Being an Introductory Discourse to the [*History of Remarkable Providences*] now preparing for the Press; to which is added A SCHEME of the said Undertaking, ——as also a SPECIMEN of the Work it self, ——together with MEDITATIONS *upon the Beauty of Holiness*.

* *The Funeral Orations* made in *Holland*, upon the Death of the Queen of *Great Britain*, by Dr. *James Perizonius*, Professor of History, Eloquence and the *Greek* Language; The Learned *Grevius* at *Utrecht*, and Mr. *Ortwinius*, &c. ——'Tis designed these *Foreign Orations* shall be publisht all together in *One Volume*, which will delay their publication something the longer.

☞ There is preparing for the Press —— *All the Memorable Sayings* of the late Queen *Mary*, collected into *one Volume* under proper Heads, by a Reverend Divine of the Church of *England*.

☞ If any *Ministers Widow*, or other person have any Library or parcel of Books to dispose of, if they will send a Catalogue of them, or notice where they are, to *John Dunton*, at the *Raven in Jewen-street*, they shall have *Ready* [illegible] them to the full of what they are worth.